Northern Messenger

Rates Inside | MONTREAL, AUGUST 9, 1940. | 77th Year.

"CRY HAVOC"

CHILDISH innocence and mothers' anguish offer mute protest against the march of cruelty and destruction.

Can mankind ever hope to build a world in which these conditions shall not exist?

Not till we learn that God alone can free us from the tyranny of evil in us and in the world.

We can take the first step toward the new world now by turning wholeheartedly to Him in repentance, and prayer for the gift of His Spirit in us and among all men. Only a new spirit will open the way to a new world, where our little ones can grow up in peace and where misery and fear and homelessness will be but spectres of the long-dead past.

A mother and her two children, cast adrift—like thousands of others of Europe's "little people" — when the tide of war surged relentlessly over their humble home. Evacuated from the Channel Islands as the Germans attacked, they presented this melancholy picture on arrival at an English port.

Strange Plants Under the Sea

By Beatrice Curl

For the Messenger.

TO most of us weeds that grow in the rivers and lakes are just plain troublesome weeds that cause swimmers to drown and then prevent the rescuers doing their work as life-savers. But the weeds that abound on the seashores are beneficial to mankind and also animals, as well as a few of the weeds that grow in the fresh water.

The lichens, although they do not grow in the sea belong to the seaweed family. A casual glance at the lichens and you would say that it was only a piece of dried-up moss, for it is a strange flowerless, but beautiful plant. It requires no soil and clings to the bare rocks, tree stumps and waste places. They are usually dry and most of them crumble easily when handled. They simply upholster, if the word may be applied, the rocks, or whatever they cling to, with yellow, brown, gray, greenish blue or black.

The lichens are found the world over, from the tropical seaside to the mountain top and serve as many uses. Lichens are a combination of algae and fungi, or fruiticose, or shrubbery, which beards trees, or clusters on the bare ground. According to an authority on lichen growth, a lichen spore is carried in the wind and finally lodges on a group of algae cells with which they live and thrive; the only food they require they are able to gather from the air, and so they live where every other form of vegetation would not. Those who have never studied lichens would at once think that the lichen was simply crowding all other vegetation out, and that nothing ever grows where the lichen is found, but such is not the case. The lichens not only make the waste places more beautiful, but they actually prepare the way for vegetation. Growing as they do on the rocks and in barren places they secrete an acid which dissolves the rock and softens the soil; they enrich it so that more highly developed plants can grow there.

Some varieties contain quantities of starch and are valuable as a food for man and beast. This is the form of reindeer moss. The manna in the Scripture that fed the children of Israel is supposed by some to have been a species of lichens. Other species furnish dyes that were used by the pioneer in those regions where the lichen abound.

Algae which is the Latin word for seaweed, is a name given to plants, that are water-dwellers, that do not derive any nourishment through their roots. Some live in fresh water and others in salt. The brown and red forms are found in salt water, while the green is found in fresh water; however, a more familiar name is dulse.

Dulse, the seaweed used in some parts of Scotland is an important plant to the Icelanders and is stored by them in casks to be eaten with fish.

* * *

THE Irish moss or carragheen is the name that applies to a seaweed spore that abounds in the rocky districts of Great Britain and Ireland and along the eastern coasts of North America. The Irish moss of commerce is a thick fork-shaped frond, usually green or purple. It is gathered from the rocks and is washed, sunbleached and dried. It is nutritious and in cases replaces animal jelly as a basis of soup and desserts, such as the original blanc mange. It is cooked in milk with an egg, and is used by many as a remedy for ulcers in the stomach. It is valuable in the treatment of lung trouble when prepared medicinally in combination with other drugs. It is also used by painters as a foundation of size.

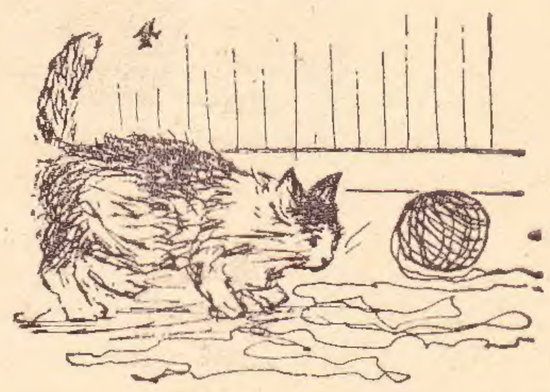
There is an Iceland moss, another species of lichen that grows in abundance in Iceland in the northern portion of Scotland and Norway. It varies in growth from one and one-half to four inches, and on account of its erect growth has the appearance of moss. This plant is used by the Icelanders as a food; it is first dried and then ground into a powder that they use for baking bread, or it is boiled with water and milk until it is transformed into a jelly. Iceland moss is also used in industry for dressing of warp, which is used in weaving, and also in the manufacture of paper.

Kelp is a product of the combination of seaweeds, the most valuable being obtained from driftweed. The weeds are first dried in the sun and burnt in shallow pits, one ton of kelp being obtained from about twenty tons of driftweeds, so that the seaweed or a form of lichen supplies us with a large amount of potassium, sulphate, potassium chloride, iodine and other salts. However, the most valuable is the iodine.

Litmus is a coloring matter made from the lichens and is used by chemists as an indicator because it turns red in the presence of acids and blue and deep violet in the presence of alkalis.

Laver, a name given to yet another species of algae, is used as food, salted and eaten with pepper, vinegar and oil and is said to be useful in scrofulous affections and glandular tumors. It is also used as a food mixed with cocoanut milk. It makes an excellent pudding. Laver bread is considered a great treat in Wales and in other portions of the British Isles.

THE BARGAIN



(*Little Girl to Mama Cat*)

YOU need not be looking around at me so;
She's my kitten, as much as your kitten, you know,
And I'll take her wherever I wish her to go!
You know very well that, the day she was found,
If I hadn't cried, she'd have surely been drowned,
And you ought to be thankful she's here safe and sound!

She is only just crying because she's a goose;
I'm *not* squeezing her—look, now!—my hands are quite loose;
And she may as well hush, for it's not any use.

And *you* may as well get right down and go 'way!
You're not in the thing we are going to play,
And, remember, it isn't your half of the day.

You're forgetting the bargain we made —and so soon!
In the morning she's mine, and yours all afternoon,
And you *couldn't* teach her to eat with a spoon!

So don't let me hear you give one single mew.
Do you know what will happen, right off, if you do?
She'll be my kitten mornings and afternoons too!

—M. Vandergrift in *St. Nicholas.*

Ah, Thank You, Madam!

An angler who had been endeavoring to hook something for the last six hours was sitting gloomily at his task when two visitors, a mother and her small son, came along.

"Oh," cried out the youngster, "do let me see you catch a fish!"

The mother said, severely, addressing the angler: "Don't you do it. Not until he says: 'Please'!"

WHERE THE ROAD FORKED

By Edith Dickson Moore

For the Messenger.

IT was nearly noon on a hot day in August, when Jimmy Windall jumped off the 'bus at a crossroad which leads from the highway into one of the rocky sections in the north country.

"Sure you've got it straight, kid?" the driver called after him. "Follow this trail through the bush and over the rocks to the fork in the road, then turn right and keep on going till you strike the Junction. About six miles, all told."

"Okay! Thanks!" Jimmy waved his cap as the 'bus rumbled away, and started briskly along the dusty trail. Six miles, and the train was due at the Junction at a quarter to four. That gave him four hours. Jimmy began to whistle. He would see his mother in four hours.

Soon the trail led into the bush, and in a few minutes began to climb. Higher and higher it went, over rocks and rough turf that made the going difficult. The trees were smaller up here, scrubby pine and birch that afforded little protection from the blazing sun. But Jimmy pressed on as fast as he could.

Just below the summit of the hill he sat down on a flat rock to eat his lunch. "Boy! Am I hot?" he gasped, mopping his freckled face with his handkerchief. Over his head birch leaves hung limp and twigs snapped under his feet. Everything was as dry as powder, he noticed, and no rain in sight.

He had eaten all the roast beef sandwiches, and was biting into a currant tart,—a nice, gooey tart with crusted sugar on the top,—when he heard a whistle. That must be the train going south. It would meet the train his mother was on at Neywash.

A lump came in Jimmy's throat when he thought about the last time he had seen his mother. She had explained to him that she was going to the city to work, so that she would have money to send him to college when he was older, and that he was to live with Uncle Jo and Aunt Mattie Hartwell on their farm in Northern Ontario; but he had not realized what it meant, until Uncle Jo came for him. He remembered how his mother had cried that day while she was packing his clothes into the suitcase. He had cried, too, just a little. But of course he was only a little chap then.

* * *

THAT was over two years ago. He was growing into a great tall fellow now. Only the other day Aunt Mattie had told him that he was almost up to Uncle Jo's shoulder. "It'll be a joke on Mums if she doesn't know me," he chuckled, as he tossed the empty lunch box away. "Boy! Will she be surprised when I slip up on her, and give her the old bear hug?"

He broke a branch from a blueberry bush, and started on his way eating the berries as he walked. But he had not gone far when he stopped, sniffing the air.

Smoke! He was sure of it. The odor was unmistakable now, and growing stronger every minute. Hurriedly he climbed to the top of the hill, and looked in every direction.

Ahead of him the trail led down the hill, and straight into the village of Windstay. Then that cluster of buildings he could see to the right of the village must be the Junction. Jimmy shaded his eyes with his hand, and scanned the valley, and the rocky hills that surrounded it, and at last, away to the right, he saw a thin wisp of smoke curling up over the tree tops.

"There it is," he shouted, and began to run down the hill. A bush fire was a terrible thing. Anybody who had ever lived in the north country knew that. He must do something right away. But what could he do? The fire was miles and miles away. Anyway, if he were there, he could not put it out single-handed. Why, last summer every man in the county had been out fighting before they got control of the fires on the north slope. There was only one thing to do. He must go into Windstay, and give the alarm.

* * *

HE was halfway down the hill when he heard another train whistle. And suddenly it came to him that he might be too late to meet his mother at the Junction if he went to the village first. But he must see her. He must, after he had come all this way. And after Uncle Jo had given him money to pay his 'bus fare, and Aunt Mattie had telephoned her sister in the Junction and arranged for him to stay there all night. Surely some one else would see the smoke. Probably the fire rangers were on the job already.

Jimmy's feet went more and more slowly. At last he stopped, and took his mother's letter from his pocket, though he knew it almost by heart. She was going to some summer place with her employers, she had written, and had over an hour to wait at the Junction. And as soon as Aunt Mattie had heard that, she had planned for him to meet her there. It was to be a wonderful surprise. He couldn't give it up now. But what if nobody else had seen the smoke? And suppose it spread and spread until some of the farmers over there lost all their buildings?

* * *

WITH a deep breath that was almost a sob, Jimmy stuffed the letter into his pocket, and began to run. Faster and faster he went, over the last rock, across the stretch of level country at the foot of the hill, and with scarcely a glance at the road that forked away towards the Junction, straight ahead to the village.

At the outskirts of the village he saw some boys playing baseball in a field. "Hi! there!" he shouted. "The bush is on fire. Over there!" He pointed towards the place from which the smoke had come.

"Oh yeah! Why didn't you put it out?" one boy jeered. But the older lads looked serious.

"Sure it wasn't train smoke you saw?" they questioned.

"Say, d'ya think I can't tell burning pine from train smoke?" Jimmy demanded. "What's the matter with you fellows? Why dont you get going?"

"Maybe the kid has the right idea," one of the boys agreed. "We'd better round up the men."

As Jimmy watched the boys scattering in all direction, it occurred to him that he could not be very far from the Junction. If he went on into the village, and struck straight across, he might make it yet. In a jiffy he was off on the run.

But he had not gone far when a truck loaded with men came rattling down the road in a cloud of dust, and pulled up beside him with a terrible screeching of brakes. "Are you the boy that saw the smoke?" the driver demanded, and as Jimmy nodded, a dozen voices shouted, "Jump on, son." . . "Step lively, kid." . . . Before Jimmy had time to think, he had scrambled up beside the driver, and they were off at top speed towards the hills.

* * *

WHEN they reached the fork in the road the driver stopped.

"I don't see any smoke," he growled. The men looked in every direction.

"Sure you weren't having a pipe dream, Bub?" one man grumbled.

"I saw the smoke plain as anything from the hill," Jimmy insisted.

MOSQUITO CONTROL

MOSQUITOES are a Canadian insect pest. They are active in both day and night but most persistent and vicious between daylight and 9.00 a.m. and between 5.00 to 10.00 in the evening.

Preventive control is aimed at the destruction of the insects themselves, their eggs, larvae and pupa (the aquatic stage). The most effective measures are those directed against their breeding places thus preventing multiplication.

Breeding Places

ANY collection of water will afford a breeding place for mosquitoes, puddles by the roadside, hollows of trees, discarded tin cans, flower pots, broken pottery, bottles, and buckets or anywhere a small quantity of water is allowed to stand. Water barrels, cisterns and other containers, cesspools and privy vaults require screens to keep the pest out.

Stagnant water of lakes and streams all may harbor the mosquito. Filling or draining is most effective in control. Where this is not practicable, resort may be had to coal oil, furnace fuel oil, or petroleum oil.

Since the larvae or pupa of mosquitoes develop only in stagnant water the application of a thin film of petroleum on such places in May and early June will destroy the pests at the fountainhead. One ounce of oil to 15 sq. feet of water is said to be sufficient, but usually more than this quantity is used.

Fish are the most effective natural enemies of the mosquito. Fish work against mosquitoes now takes rank with other practical health measures. The best way is to stock all waters, large and small, with minnows and other larvae-eating fish.

Screening

FOR personal comfort screening of doors, windows, verandahs, etc., should be done with wire mesh 16 to 18 to the inch. The best materials are bronze, monel metal, galvanized iron copper.

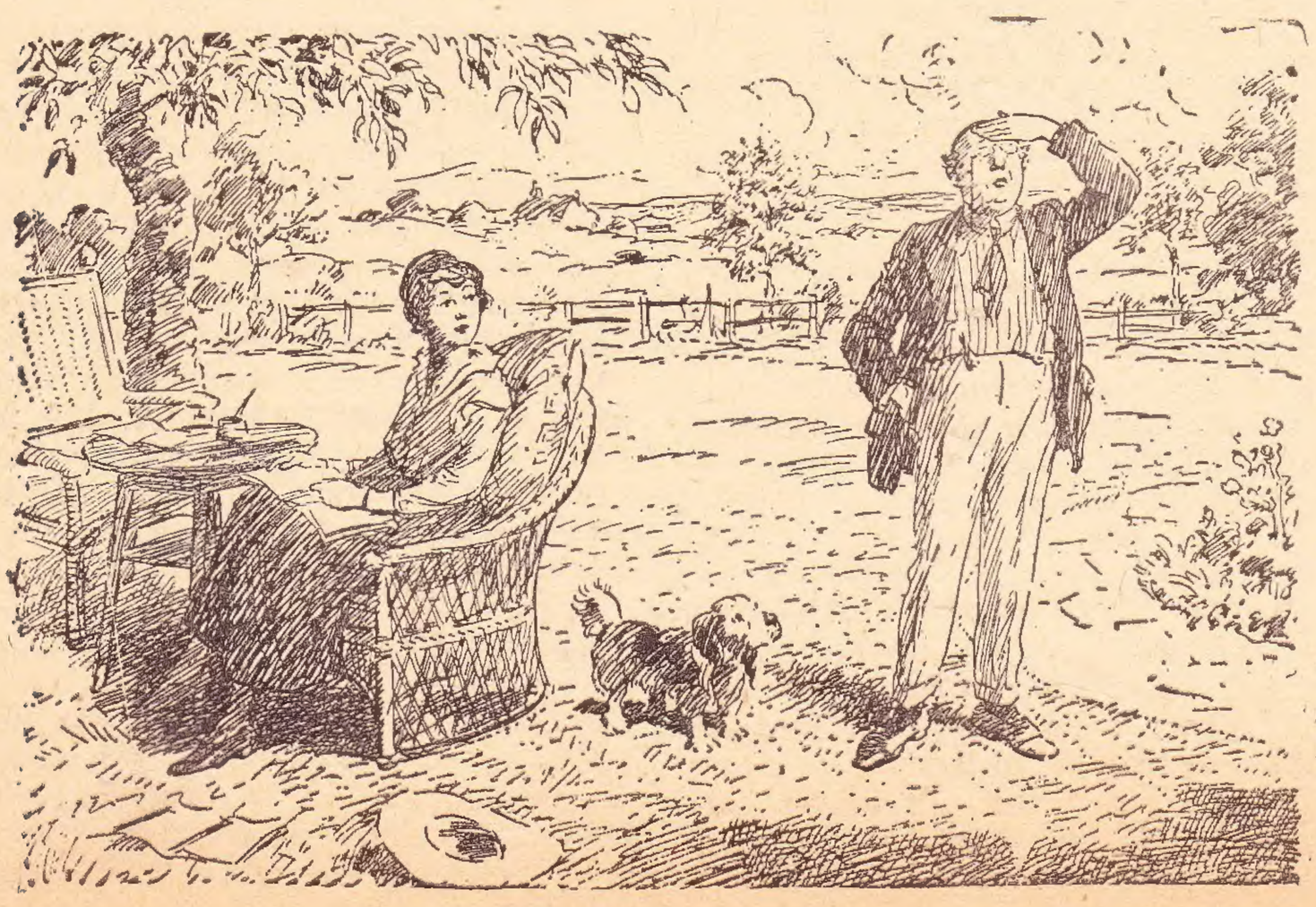
Repellents

FOR the purpose of repelling mosquitoes on the wing, oil of citronella, spirits of camphor, oil of lavender and oil of cedar are used. Perhaps one of the best is that developed by the Dominion Entomologist, Ottawa, as follows: Oil of thyme 1 fluid oz., concentrated kerosene extract of pyrethrum 2 fluid oz., castor oil or olive oil 5 fluid oz. This mixture when applied to the skin will give protection from mosquitoes and other biting flies for 3 to 5 hours.

A spray of half a pound of pyrethrum to one gallon of coal oil and frequently shaken up until the active principle of the pyrethrum is thoroughly dissolved is used to clear out mosquitoes, blackflies and other insects from a tent, cabin or cottage. Methyl salicylate or oil of sassafras, in the proportion of 1 to 3 ounces to each gallon of the mixture will mask the color of the coal oil. The mixture should be kept in an amber-colored bottle.

Remedies for Insect Bites

FOR the relief of mosquito bites the application of household ammonia, triodine, glycerine and alcohol as well as ordinary toilet soap, moistened and rubbed on the puncture are satisfactory.—John W. S. McCullough, M.D.,



"Only a mosquito"

THE ROAD FORKED

(Continued from Page 3.)

"We'll scout along the lower road for a few miles," the driver decided. "But, my lad, if you've brought us away from our work on a fool's errand—," He shook his head significantly.

Jimmy's face burned. This was a queer way to treat a fellow after he'd nearly run the boots off his feet to warn them. The heavy truck bumped and jolted over the rough road, and several times he was nearly shaken off the seat. Once, on a sharp turn, he pitched forward, almost striking the windshield, and as he scrambled back a cloud of smoke billowed up ahead, and a chorus of shouts rose from the men. "There she is!"—"She's making due east!"—"There won't be a house left in Valleytown if we can't head her off!"

The driver pulled up. "Okay, youngster. You win," he said briefly.

"Hop it!"

"But——" Jimmy looked at him blankly.

"Step on it!" the man ordered sharply. "Where we're going is no place for kids." He put his great hands under Jimmy's arms, and swung him to the ground. "Better make back for the village," he advised, starting the truck with a jerk.

"I wasn't going to the village," Jimmy shouted, trying to make himself heard above the roar of the engine. "I want to go to the Junction."

The truck leaped forward, but one of the men caught the last word. "Junction?" he bellowed. "Take the first trail." He leaned out, pointing back the way they had come. "Two miles north."

Jimmy stared wrathfully after the load of men, then as it was lost to view around another curve, his shoulders sagged. For a few minutes, in the excitement of the wild drive, he had almost forgotten his anxiety to get to the Junction. But now, the full significance of what he had done came to him. He had missed his chance to see his mother. And what had he got for thanks? Dumped out on the road in the middle of nowhere; told to beat it, as if he were nothing but a kid. In spite of himself, tears welled in his eyes. He brushed them away angrily. He was no bawl-baby.

Dolefully he began to trudge back over the way they had come. Soon he came to a path almost overgrown with vines and moss.

"This must be the trail that guy meant," he muttered. "But you can't tell me it's only two miles from here to the Junction. Still—," he screwed up his eyes, and looked around thoughtfully, trying to get his bearings. "Why—as sure as you live! They've brought me right across, only I'm too far south. All I have to do is hike up here, and I'll

(Please turn to Page 13.)

"UPS AND DOWNS"

A Short Serial Story

By M. C. McLellan

For the Messenger.

"JACK'S coming!" called little Dulcie in a happy voice as she hurried up to the kitchen door.

"Is he, dear?" replied Mrs. Gardiner, coming to the door. Stooping to kiss the little tot, she asked, "and what are you going to call me, dear?"

"Muzzie," whispered the little one eagerly.

"Fine!" commended the foster mother. "Now you may go as far as the gate to meet Jack."

Dulcie hopped and skipped down the lane to the road gate, and standing upon her toes, she eagerly scanned the road, watching the whistling school boy, as in his own fashion he made his way home.

Dulcie had been left an orphan, and when kind Mr. and Mrs. Gardiner had gone to see what was to be done about the child, it was Jack who had found her hidden under a gnarled old spruce tree, sobbing pitifully.

The sturdy boy had peered under the sheltering spruce, as he had said, "Aw, kiddy, what's the matter? Don't cry; come with me to Mother. She can fix anything,—from a busted head to a sore toe."

Then as she buried her frightened face deeper in the grass, he had gathered her awkwardly in his arms and carried her to where his mother sat waiting his father's return, saying "you needn't be scared any more kiddy. Mother is just over here a ways, and —oh, I say! she made cookies this morning, and she's got doughnuts in a big brown crock, and cranb'ry tarts and—and most everything."

His mother had met him, and taking the child in her motherly arms had asked "Where did you find her, Jack?"

"Picked her off a tree!" he had jauntily replied, then added ,"—er—no, come to think of it I guess she's a windfall, for she was *under* the tree. Oh, say, Mother, let's keep her for our own."

Seeing a pair of dewy blue eyes looking at him shyly from his mother's shoulder, he had continued, "perhaps I could trade her off some day for a pup."

"You clear out, you tease," laughed Mrs. Gardiner, gathering the child close. "We will see what your father says."

Mr. and Mrs. Gardiner very readily agreed to Jack's wish, and from that hour Dulcie had known love and care. She was learning to call them "Dadda" and "Muzzie," and while it was evident she loved them, yet her deepest affection centred on Jack, a love which he fully returned, though not for worlds would he admit it. He called her "Snookums," he hid her dolls and pretended to pull her curls. He talked largely of "swapping" her for a pup, for a hand organ, or even for a big tin whistle, saying, "She doesn't make noise enough and a fellow forgets she is here."

* * *

YET when one day he found her crying over a hurt finger, it was a different Jack who dropped down beside her, saying, "Aw, don't cry, honey. You are my little Dulcie, you know, and I'm so glad you blew off that old tree. It was so lonesome here, and since I've picked you, I've been as happy as a clam at high water. Now show me that finger."

Then pretending amazement, he said "Oh, hokey-doodle! can a finger as small as that really truly *hurt?"* Seeing her face brightening, he had generously added with a grin, "I'd rather have you around than a pup,—though of course I'd like to have a pup, too."

On this particular afternoon, Jack had loitered along the road, finally arriving at the gate in a burst of speed.

"You was a long time," gravely commented Dulcie.

"Oh, pooh! You don't want me tearing myself all to pieces rushing along the road, do you? And you see I had to poke the top off an ant hill to see the whole bunch of 'em get busy. You should have seen 'em, every one going on a different errand, forgetting, and going back to see what it was all about, hurrying like all possessed. Then I saw a little pink spot here and I guessed it was you, and I'm a good guesser. Now come on down off that gate before you bust the hinges, or get it all sagged out of shape. I'll race you to the house, you running and me walking."

He allowed her to win the race, and they went in to the house together, hand in hand.

The door bell rang. It was Mrs. Alyn from the grand house on the hill; she had come about some sewing, and seeing Dulcie, had learned how the tiny girl had become a member of their household. Then Jack heard something which troubled him.

* * *

"MY dear Mrs. Gardiner," Mrs. Alyn was saying, "you don't mean to say you intend to *keep* the child? You know every child adds to a woman's cares and responsibilities and it means a lot of expense, too. Of course," she added loftily, "you know your circumstances, but I for one, do not think you should burden yourself further—"

But Jack had heard too much for his peace of mind. He hurried out and flung himself down in the lane. Here was something he had not thought of. "Aw shucks!" he mumbled to himself, "I wish Mrs. Alyn had stayed at home. I wonder if it will be too much for Mother?" Mentally he saw his mother wasting away before his eyes. Suddenly springing up, he said to himself, "I'll *help* her more."

At this minute Mrs. Alyn came upon him in the lane. "Well Jack," she said, "I've just been in to see your mother. You had better let me have that little girl; you don't need her here."

Seeing his look of awkward embarrassment she persisted, "Will you let me have her?"

Jack dug his hands deep in his pockets and answered uncomfortably, "I guess we'll keep her,—she comes in handy for company."

That night Mrs. Gardiner confided to her husband, "Jack is getting to be so thoughtful and helpful; tonight he washed the dishes, and *offered* to wash the separator, and then he asked me if I was very tired."

"Um!" murmured Mr. Gardiner reflectively, "he didn't end by asking if he could have a new suit, did he?"

"He did not," she replied earnestly, "and he needs one too."

* * *

MRS. ALYN was having considerable sewing done, and her visits were many, and always she urged Jack to give her the little girl, until he learned to avoid her. "Why just think, Jack," she said one day, "I could give her a little pony, and music lessons, and little silk dresses," and then she had rustled away.

"Aw, who cares a chew of gum for silk dresses on a kiddy the size of a grasshopper?" he asked the gatepost crossly, "and she would tumble off a pony and crack her crown first try."

But while this worried the boy, his troubles were doubled one day. On his way home from school he stood watching the same fascinating ant hill, when at last he noticed voices on the other side of an alder thicket beside the road. It was his father's name spoken in irritable tones, that roused Jack from his study of the ant hill. Mr. Alyn was talking to a neighbor who was hard of hearing.

Jack listened without knowing he was listening. He only knew in a dazed way this awful thing the man had said. Could it be possible his own father would not live?

(To Be Continued.)

Northern Messenger

WEEKLY

Founded by John Dougall, 1864

Continuing the Canadian Messenger and Journal of Missions founded by John Dougall, (1855-7). Revived, 1864 as Canadian Messenger. Present title adopted, 1876

Printed and published by

JOHN DOUGALL & SON

(Frederick Eugene Dougall, surviving member of the firm)

at 360 Craig St. W., Montreal, Canada.

A Christian adventure for the whole family the Northern Messenger has for several generations been loved by young and old.

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Subscription Rates Elsewhere
or on application.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS

Contributors of poems and articles who wish their material returned to them in case of rejection are asked to enclose a stamped and addressed envelope.

We cannot pay for Poems.

AUGUST 9, 1940.

WORD FOR THE DAY

Sun. : In your patience possess ye your souls.—Luke 21:19

Mon. : Ye shall receive power after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you. —Acts 1:8

Tue. : Follow thou Me.—John 21:22

Wed. : Let all things be done decently and in order.—I Cor. 14:40

Thu. : Therefore let us watch and be sober. —I Thess. 5:6

Fri. : Fight the good fight of faith. — I Tim. 6:12

Sat. : The Lord God giveth them light.— Rev. 22:5

"I will take the cup of salvation and call upon the name of my God." We show our gratitude for God's gifts by our appropriation of them.

The Good Shepherd

"He leadeth me!
I shall not take one needless step
In wind, or heat, or cold,
And all day long He sees the peaceful end
Through trials manifold;
Up the far hill-side like some sweet surprise,
Waiteth the quiet Fold.

—*Anon.*

What is the Task?

"THE great task of the church today is not to get sinners into heaven, but to get saints out of bed."

There is more than humor in that notice, for before we can really expect an inflow of new members into the church, there must be the uprising of new spiritual life, activity and zeal in the case of those already in membership.

Think of the chilly atmosphere of some churches, due to the presence of iceberg professing Christians floating around, and nothing can melt these but the soft, south wind of the Holy Spirit. Under His genial breath, those saints are melted into full submission to Christ, and the warmth of His Gulf Stream changes the atmosphere from biting, unproductive winter into the genial growth and joy of spring.

In such an atmosphere, the work of the Lord can really go forward and the task of the Church be satisfactorily executed. What is that task? I believe it to be a three-fold one: To proclaim an evangel, to interpret an ethic, and to exhibit a life, and each must be given its due place and honor.—Rev. R. W. Mitchell in *Advance*.

In the Cross of Christ I glory, towering o'er the wrecks of time.—Sir J. Bowring.

"A Patriot's Determination"

DURING the next few months we will, no doubt, have to make greater sacrifices, and I am convinced that the more I arm myself with God's love, the easier they are going to be to face.—R. C., Australia.

"Love must triumph over hate, and indifference be recognized as sin."

True democracy is where everyone takes responsibility for his country. The secret of morale and purpose for youth.

"God has a plan for every man and every nation."

Daily Prayer

LET us offer daily:

Prayer for the nations and their rulers.

Prayer for all in battle or in danger; for all in terror; for all who mourn—may every path of pain be a path toward God.

Rejoice Ye Christian People

By THEODORE MAYER

For the Messenger.

Rejoice ye Christian people
That God has made you great;
His strength, yea, all-embracing,
Protects your boundless state;
And He will still continue,
A power of lasting might,
A symbol of deliverance,
A torch of guiding light.

And no vain domination
Shall overthrow your land,
Conceived were ye in glory,
In glory ye shall stand;
Although the foe may press you
And force you to retreat,
God's banner will not waver,
Nor suffer your defeat.

And ye shall rise in battle,
With Christ, your Saviour, nigh,
Assembling all His legions
To aid you from on high;
Then march forever onward
To glorify His throne,
A sign to every nation
That ye march not alone.

Then when the foe is vanquished
And all oppression fled,
Give thanks unto the Master
That He your hosts has led;
Increase His firm dominion
From sea to endless sea;
Spread wide His shining gospel,
The freedom of the free!
July 1, 1940.

A Negro's Prayer

IN the island of St. Vincent, British West Indies, in a Home for the Aged Poor, a minister was visiting the inmates and holding a service in the Institution.

On calling for someone in the congregation to lead in prayer (he said) "an old Negro with a lovely face offered the beautiful prayer of one on intimate terms with the Heavenly Father, and included the following petition, the words of which I noted down as I was so deeply moved by it":

"God bless the King, our noble, beloved George, very troubled these days. Put thine arms all round him. Give Britain the victory we pray. You may need to chasten and discipline them, but afterwards make them victorious; and Lord ease up the chastening, we humbly ask you, lest the suffering be overmuch."—Methodist Recorder (London)

Young People's Bible Reading

The Shepherd Psalm

for Sunday
Aug. 18, 1940.
Psalm 23.

by BEREAN

THERE is no psalm so universally beloved as the Twenty-third. We think of it as composed by David when as a shepherd lad he tended his father's sheep on the uplands of Bethlehem where long afterwards, "Shepherds watched their flocks by night." With "Suffer the little children" it was one of the first passages of Scripture which many of us learned in our childhood and we have seen new and deeper meanings in it as the years have passed.

It will never be "out of date." If all the literature of the world were blotted out and we were only left with the Twenty-third Psalm, we would still have a treasure beyond all price.

The "Shepherd Psalm" has been dear to people in all ages. It was chosen by Augustine as the memorial hymn of the martyrs.

Especially in times of trouble and danger men and women have found comfort and help in its lovely words and the truths which they enshrine. We often find it quoted in stories of the persecuted Covenanters.

John Howard gained strength and confidence when he thought of this Psalm as he went about his work for the prisoners. He writes: "Trusting in Divine Providence and believing myself in the way of my duty, I visit the most noxious cells, and while doing so 'I fear no evil'."

The Twenty-Third Psalm has been translated into every language. It has suggested some of our most beautiful hymns, "The King of Love my Shepherd is" (H. W. Baker), "The Lord my pasture shall prepare", (Joseph Addison), "The Lord is my Shepherd no want shall I know" (James Montgomery), and loveliest and tenderest of all the old Scottish metrical version:

The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want,
He makes me down to lie
In pastures green: He leadeth me
The quiet waters by.
My soul he doth restore again
And me to walk doth make
Within the paths of righteousness,
E'en for His own name's sake.

"The Lord is my Shepherd"

ONE of the finest meditations on the Twenty-third Psalm is "The Shepherd Psalm" by F. B. Meyer. Another lovely interpretation of the Psalm is "The Song of our Syrian Guest" by W. R. Knight. The latter little book points out that the Psalm gives a perfect picture of the Eastern Shepherd's care of his sheep from morning till evening.

Let us look at the Psalm a little more in detail. Every word has its meaning.

The Lord is my Shepherd.—Here are two thoughts: the Personality of the Shepherd, Almighty and All-loving, and the word "my"; God is not only "our" God. God loves and cares for us as individuals. "He calleth his own sheep by name." (John 10:3) Each of us can say "My God," "My Shepherd."

I shall not want.—Or as in the "Great Bible" of 1539-40, "Therefore shall I lack nothing."

He maketh me to lie down, etc.—Literally, "In pastures of tender grass he maketh me to lie down; beside waters of quietness doth he guide me."

My soul.—"My life." Climbing over the sun-baked rocks the sheep is "played out." But the Good shepherd leading it beside the waters of quietness "brings its life back again."

He leadeth me (R.V. guideth). An Eastern shepherd goes before his flock. We find this also in John 10:4. "He goeth before them."

Paths of righteousness.—Right paths, straight paths.

For His Name's sake.—"In consistency with the character He has already made known." (Dummelow) Because it is His very nature to do so.

Shadow of death—or "deep darkness." (Jer. 13:16, Amos 5:8) Look up the wonderful passage in the "Pilgrim's Progress" where Christian goes through the Valley. Also in the Second Part where Christiana and her company go through under the guidance and protection of Great-heart.

Thou art with me.—There is endless help and comfort in this. Among the last words of John Wesley were, "Best of all, God is with us,"

Thy rod and thy staff.—The shepherd's rod or club is for protection against wild beasts, his staff serves for gentle guidance of the sheep.

Alexander Duff, (1806-1870) one of the first Scottish missionaries to India tells how travelling near Simla he watched a shepherd leading his sheep along the mountain side. The man carried a long staff. At one end was a crook with which he gently pulled back any sheep that wandered too near the precipice. At the other end was a thick band of iron as a weapon against dangerous beasts.

Mr. Duff says: "This brought to the traveller's remembrance the staff, clearly meaning God's watchful guidance and directing providence, and the rod His omnipotence in defending His own from foes." God protects us. God leads us.

(Please turn to Page 8.)

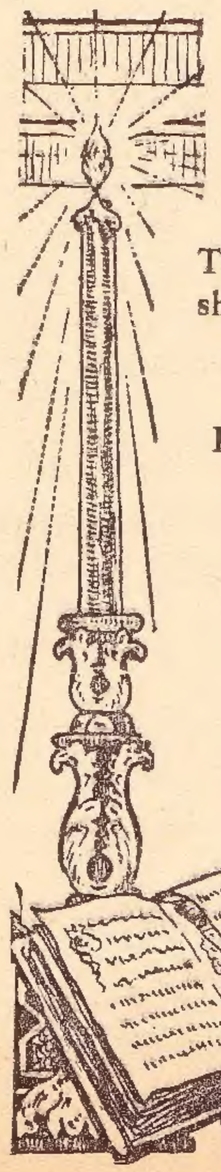
The religion of the first Christians was, in one word, the Religion of the Good Shepherd. The kindness, the courage, the love, the beauty, the grace of the Good Shepherd, was to them, if we may so say, Prayer Book and Articles, Creed and Canons all in one. . .

The Good Shepherd represents to us the joyful, cheerful side of Christianity. . . . That is the primitive conception of the Founder of Christianity in those earlier centuries when the first object of the Christian community was not to repel but to include; not to condemn, but to save.—Dean Stanley.

* * *

Christ was to the early Christians pre-eminently the Good Shepherd, or rather the Fair Shepherd. The adjective in the Gospel is . . . "beautiful". It implies that Innocence and Tenderness were translucent through human beauty . . .

The one thought of Christians as they gazed on this glorious figure would be, "Erravi, sicut ovis, quae periit: quaere servum tuum, quia mandata tua non sum oblitus." (I have gone astray like a lost sheep; seek thy servant, for I do not forget thy commandments. Psa. 119:176)—Dean Farrar.



Memory Verse

The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.

—Psalm 23:1.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS

From Aug. 12 to Aug. 18.

Mon.—Psalm 23:1-6
Tue.—Matt. 6:25-34.
Wed.—Neh. 9:26-31
Thu.—Jer. 31:7-12
Fri.—Eph. 2:1-10
Sat.—Matt. 18:10-14
Sun.—Psalm 145:9-21

THE GLORY OF GOD

SOMETIMES people resent Law as a restriction, but the Psalmist delights in it. Wordsworth sings of Duty,

"Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong;
And the most ancient heavens through thee are fresh and strong."

Ruskin points out that in the Psalms it is always the Law which is spoken of with chief joy.

"The Psalms respecting mercy are often sorrowful, as in thought of what it cost; but those respecting the law are always full of delight. David cannot contain himself for joy in thinking of it; he is never weary of its praise: 'How I love thy law! it is my meditation all the day. Thy testimonies are my delight and my counsellors; sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb'."

The law "is described as a testimony or witness of God's character and requirements, as statutes (R.V. precepts), a commandment, judgments or moral decisions. Each term is connected with some practical benefit which the Law confers on men." (Dummelow)

"A person who is engaged on work of national importance and takes drink while so doing is fightnig against his country."

'Fifth Column' Menace

The Bishop of Rochester (Dr. Chavasse), addressing his diocesan conference at Bromley, said that the last War revealed tragically and rather unexpectedly to those of them at the front that a war, however righteous, opened the door to sensuality and materialism. The licence that infected the population like an epidemic occasioned after the Armistice a general collapse of moral standards from which we had only recently and painfully emerged. Unless we took precautions we should have to tread the same downward path again. Officers and men of the B. E. F. had objected to the "nasty" shows of concert parties from England, and their representations had been without effect.

He went on to say: "Alcohol we should regard as a fifth column, the enemy within our gates, sabotaging armament output, sapping morale, and responsible for physical unfitness by inflaming passions. King George the Fifth never rendered his country greater service than when he banished intoxicating drinks from Buckingham Palace during the last War."—Exchange.

Days of Prayer

"O God of Bethel, by whose hand
Thy people still are fed,
Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led.
Our vows, our prayers we now present
Before Thy throne of grace,
God of our fathers be the God
Of their succeeding race."

THE SHEPHERD PSALM

(Continued from Page 7.)

Thou preparest.—Around the borders of the upland pastures wild beasts may lurk, but the sheep under the protection of the Shepherd may feed securely.

"Goodness and Mercy"

THE evening has come and the Shepherd leads his flock home again. Before he encloses them in the fold he sees to the individual welfare and comfort of each one.

"Here comes one that . . . is simply worn and exhausted; he (the shepherd) bathes its face and head with the refreshing olive oil and he takes the large two-handled cup and dips it brimming full from the vessel of water provided for that purpos,e and he lets the weary sheep drink. There is nothing finer in the psalm than this. . . . 'He anointeth my head with oil, my cup runneth over'." ('Syrian Guest'—Knight)

Runneth over.—"God's hospitality is lavish and generous." (Dummelow) "Exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think." (Eph. 3:20)

Goodness and mercy.—"Like two angels 'pursue' the Psalmist, determined, as it were to run him down." (Dummelow)

Follow.—pursue, "hunt."

I shall dwell—"The song dies away as the heart that God has watched and tended breathes this grateful vow before the roaming of the day is forgotten in sleep. 'I will—not shall, but will, for it is a decision, a settled purpose, a holy vow,—I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.' And the song ends, and the sheep are at rest, safe in the Good Shepherd's fold." ('Syrian Guest'—Knight)

For ever.—Literally "for length of days." David probably thought only of a peaceful old age. But the Christian revelation bids us look forward to something infinitely greater.

Goodness and mercy all my life
Shall surely follow me;
And in God's house for evermore
My dwelling-place shall be.
(Scottish version)

The Good Shepherd

THE Eastern shepherd loves his sheep and they love and trust him. There is much in the Bible about the Good Shepherd: Here are some references: Psa. 80:1; Isa. 40:11; Jer. 23:3, 4; 31:10; Ezek. 34:11-31.

There are above all our Lord's words Matt. 18:11-14; Luke 15:3-7; John 10:1-30.

His words are echoed in those of His followers. Heb. 13:20; 1 Peter 2:25; Rev. 7:17. "The Lamb . . . shall be their Shepherd." (R.V.)

Just at the time the Book of Revelation was written the Christians were undergoing terrible persecutions, persecutions which kept up at intervals for three centuries. During all these troubles the thought of their Lord as the Good Shepherd was especially dear to them. We find the gracious Figure pictured in the Catacombs. Sometimes instead of a lamb He carries a kid across His shoulders. Matthew Arnold considers this an answer from the loving, generous hearts of the Church to the harsher spirit represented by the great but intolerant leader Tertullian.

'He saves the sheep, the goats he doth not save!'
So spake the fierce Tertullian; but she sigh'd—
The infant church! Of love she felt the tide
Stream on her from her Lord's yet recent grave.
And then she smiled; and in the catacombs,
On those walls subterranean, where she hid
Her head 'mid ignominy, death and tombs,
With eye suffused but heart inspired true,
She her Good Shepherd's hasty image drew,
And on his shoulders not a lamb, a kid.

Questions

1. What profession was King David when he was a lad?
2. The Lord is my shepherd—. Complete the verse.
3. He maketh me to lie down—. Complete the verse.
4. Yea though I walk—. Complete the verse.
5. What is meant by "rod"? What by "staff"?
6. Thou preparest—. Complete the verse.
7. Surely goodness and mercy—. Complete the verse
8. What does the word "follow" mean?
9. What does the Twenty-third Psalm teach us?

(For Answers, see Page 12.)

"Cut Drink" Plea

A PLEA that drinking in Britain should be cut in half was made at the annual conference of the Council of Agriculture in London. Mr. Charles Roberts, J. P., referring to the "deplorable shortage" of feeding stuffs, said: "If we had the patriotism to cut down our drink by one-half it would mean 400,000 tons of feeding stuffs."

An Adventurous Escape

THE daring escape of a Polish lady and her two children from war-torn Europe, their hazards and hardships, make a tale in which "truth is stranger than fiction." And the story was told by Donald Macdonald in the Montreal Gazette.

This lady who is now in Montreal with her children is of an old Polish family. Her maternal grandfather was a Scot, James Douglas of Edinburgh, who three generations ago was invited by the government of Poland to establish the sugar industry in the country.

Her peaceful childhood was first broken by the attempted Russian Revolution of 1905. Afterwards came the Bolshevik upheaval of 1918. Now she has been driven from her home by Nazi bombers. She says:

"You cannot imagine the tragedy of the whole thing. Here was the country that I was so proud of, and that I believed strong and well-organized. In three weeks it was crushed! We did not believe that it could be true. We thought as did the French that they would be stopped somewhere. But all was lost, the future of my children, and their very lives endangered. Believe me, in that moment, nothing mattered to me except my children. I never thought that the feeling of motherhood could be so strong. I was just like a wild beast with her young, caught, but fighting mad to defend them.

"On the morning of September 1, we were awakened early by a distant rumble. We thought that it was Polish planes out on manoeuvres, and my father scolded as he asked why they needed to waken people from their sleep at that hour. Not until one o'clock that afternoon did we realize that it was the Germans, and the city started to crumble in ruins.

"We were absolutely unprepared morally. We did not think that a war would come. But the people were wonderful. They did not go to shelters for there were no shelters to go to. Life was completely disorganized."

She and some others secured a lorry loaded with five refining machines ready to go to a sugar factory. They obtained some gasoline, having to pay nearly seventy times its value. On the way to the military depot, in passing the statue of Copernicus, they had to stop for a dog-fight broke out overhead with 16 German and Polish planes thundering through the sky.

"Right above Copernicus, who spent a lifetime studying the stars," she commented. Added to their anxiety was the information that all bridges on the Vistula were to be blown up at 3 o'clock, and that hour was approaching.

"The bridges were never blown up, but you can imagine that journey. Picture this old lorry, with five great refining machines on it to begin with, and then 27 people. For the first few hours it was just step by step, amid an exodus of people that jammed roads and bridges. We couldn't wash. We couldn't eat. It was dusty. We slept just once, in a factory hall, with the floor covered with straw, the men on one side and the women on the other. For 56 hours that went on, with the planes playing with us like a cat plays with a mouse. At Lublin, for the hundredth time or more, we had to stop, get out our old ladder, let the children get down first from the old lorry, then the women and men, to hide in the ditches, for there was a terrific raid in progress to destroy an aeroplane factory and the airdrome.

"Out of the jaws of death" this Polish mother and her children fled before the Nazi war-machine out of their homeland, over to England, then across the seas to a haven at last in Canada.

"We could have been machine-gunned a thousand times, but we were not. I do not know why. I suppose it's Providence," she added thoughtfully.

Their arrival at Rowna, the destination, gave promise of quiet and security. Once again she sought for schools for her children. "Such was our mentality. We thought that everything would be all right." But on the third day, the Nazi planes arrived, and Rowna began to crumble into ruins too. She was advised to take "our famous old lorry" and go to Rumania, but she declared, "I couldn't think of it. The idea of leaving my country, and my husband behind at that time, seemed impossible, and I refused."

Word came of an out-of-the-way place where the last war had hardly touched, sheltered by moors through which it would be impossible for tanks to go, and there she headed with her children by train.

"We had to pass through a forest that was all on fire. At times the fire rose like two walls on either side of the train, and we had to close the windows to keep the heat out." The place proved to be a rural area, with no accommodations, where water had to be got from a common well, wood cut, and where, instead of being untouched by the last war, she found that 18 counts of the local estate had been murdered by their own peasants in the revolution. Again, it was necessary to move on. She went to a station, determined to take any train, going anywhere. The first one was a freight, with empty coal cars, and into them they got, and finally arrived in Vilna. Shortly afterwards, Vilna was handed over to Luthuania, and contact was made with the outside world.

"I cannot describe the sense of security and relief when I reached the British charge d'affaires. Mr. Preston was so very obliging and sympathetic, while we had to wait; he would even send over letters every now and then, saying "Everything will be all right, don't worry."

After telling of seven months in London, where her children had been put in English schools, she described the drama of the last swift turn of fate that has brought her to Canada.

"At 11 o'clock one night my brother called up and told me there was something very important and he must see me immediately. Before he arrived the air-raid siren went, and I spent three hours in the shelter, after which I told the warden that I just had to go home and sleep. My brother arrived about the time I got back, first to see whether I was still alive, and secondly, to tell me that I was going to Canada the next night.

"'But I can't decide,' I said to him.

"'You don't need to decide,' he replied, 'I've decided for you.'

"So here I am," she concluded. "When I walk up and down the street, people would not think from the looks of me that I had been through all that. It seems so strange. A year ago I had no gray hairs—but I have many now."

DEAR CHUMS,—

It is a great satisfaction this week to have Page 11 (opposite) filled with letters from you Chums telling what Dominion Day, 1940, meant to you. Each of these letters shows real thoughtfulness and expresses an appreciation of our great country and eagerness to serve it, which I believe is an ever-growing characteristic of all of us who are privileged to live in Canada. Many of you speak of the war and are grateful that we have no dictator in Canada and have not been called upon to face the dreadful hardships which many European peoples are having to endure. But that does not mean that we shall sit back and enjoy our ease. I am glad that you Chums really want to prove your gratitude in practical ways by serving our country and our fellows and giving all the aid we can to those less fortunate than we. Your letters show that spirit which we are happiest to see in readers of the Messenger. Carry on, Chums!

YOUR LOVING AUNT RUTH.

* * *

Dear Aunt Ruth and Chums,—This is my first letter to the Northern Messenger but I hope I may write many more to this page. I get the Northern Messenger every week and I always turn to the Chums page first.

I am 12 years old and my birthday is on July 8th. Have I a twin? Would Pen Pals please write to me?

I have blue eyes, fair hair and am 5 ft. 5 in. tall.

I have three brothers named Edward, Allan and Clarence and three sisters named Agnes, Jean and Edith. My sister Edith is younger than I am.

I live on a farm and I have four pets Collie the dog and Blackie, Greyie and Tiger the cats.

I go to school and will be in grade VII. I passed Grade VI with an average of 91.6. My teacher was Miss Gertha Hornbrook. Next year's teacher is to be Miss Jeanne Edler.

My favorite sports are skiing and sliding in winter and in summer I like to fish. I would like very much to be able to swim but I have no chance here.

I saw the King and Queen in Fredricton twice and in Devon twice last June 1939.

We started down about 5 o'clock in the morning and got there quite a while before they arrived. We left the car in Fredericton and walked across the bridge to Devon and saw them driving to the station and then coming back to go to Fredericton. After dinner we went across to Fredericton and then we saw them twice again.

I like reading: I have read, "Black Beauty", "Ann Princess of Everything" by Blanche E. Wade, "A Dog of Flanders" by Louisa de la Ramee and "The Girl Flyers on Adventure Island" by Bess Moyer.

I must close to leave room for other Chums. Your new Chum — Edna McIntosh

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TO MARION RONALD FROM HELEN MILLER

Dear Marion, I hope you don't think I have forgotten you. I was looking through my old Messengers and I saw your letter. Do you save your old Sunday School papers? I have given quite a few of the old ones to one of my school-mates.

Do you belong to any clubs? Some of the girls at our school hold a club. I am the president of it. I also belong to the Canadian Girl Guides. Are you a Guide?

Did you celebrate the Twenty-fourth of May with fire-crackers? We got a few fire-crackers.

Who are your favorite authors? Mine are L. M. Alcott,and Arthur Ransome. I am reading,"Jack and Jill"by L. M. Alcott. Hoping to hear from you soon—I remain your loving friend,—Helen Miller,Ont.

TO SANDRA BUCHANAN FROM HELEN MILLER

Dear Sandra,—I saw your letter quite a while ago on the Chums' Page. Do you live in the country or the city? I live in Toronto.

* *

This Week's Star Correspondent

EDNA McINTOSH

Honorable Mention

HELEN MILLER

* *

I am twelve and will be thirteen [illegible] October. I am in Grade Seven. What are your hobbies? I am very fond of horse back riding, and I like to read, swim and draw. I am writing a book, but it is just for my own amusement. I haven't named it yet.

I have one sister and no brothers. She is ten years old. We used to have a cat called "Peter".

Can you bake or cook? My Mother went to the United states a few months ago and I learned to bake my first cake then. I can make chocolate fudge, maple cream and brittle. Do you ever make candy. I think it is fun, don't you?

I had better close now. Please write soon. Your new and loving chum—Helen Miller, Ont.

THE COWARDS

A HUGE spider looked at me,
And I went Shoo!
Then ran away;
Now wouldn't you?
But I found that he ran too,
The other way.
Oh, could it be
Such a monster was afraid of me?

—Sel.

THE NEW CURTAINS

I set out to buy some curtains,
The curtains of my dreams;
My bag was full of patterns
And my head was full of schemes—
Of schemes that brought in yellow
(As my walls were buff and blue),
Or a kind of tawny orange
Which would very likely do.

Then I toyed with terra-cotta,
I philandered with a flame,
And that other dusky shade to which
I couldn't give a name.
I inspected scores of colours—
Bronze, apricot and brown—
Till I thought I must have looked at
All the curtains in the town.

And then it was I saw them—
They were neither bronze nor buff,
But just a lovely gleaming mass
Of some translucent stuff.
And I bought them, and I hung them
(Though they upset all my schemes),
Because at last I'd really found
The curtains of my dreams!

—Marjorie K. Taylor in Woman's Magazine.

SCHOOLBOY HOWLERS

"A Soviet is a cloth used by waiters in hotels."

"Sir Joseph Chamberlain invented fiscal policy and generally wore an orchard in his coat."

Carry On Canada!

BY MARJORIE MERRITT

(Aged 17, High School Graduate)

ON July 1, 1867, the British North America Act was signed. Just 73 years ago this great Dominion of Canada was born. True Canadians: does this mean anything to you? As you read the History of the Canadian people does it not give you a thrill when you think of how your brave forefathers toiled and struggled to make Canada what it is today?

Many years ago explorers from France and England sailed across the Atlantic Ocean and discovered this new world. They made friends with some tribes of Indians and traded with them. They cut down the great forests to build shelters and furniture. They planted gardens and settled in many parts of the St. Lawrence Valley.

More people came over. The population grew. There were fights with the Indians. Many died from cold and hunger and were killed by the Indians.

* * *

IN spite of all these difficulties, the people pushed on. Some went out West to settle. They established trading posts, cut down trees to build cabins, only to be destroyed. There was a struggle between the English and the French, but finally the British won and the Union Jack flew over this new country and now the two races are learning to live together harmoniously.

Then the United Empire Loyalists came. Brave souls! They came to this new country with almost nothing to start anew in this wild country of forest and stream. But they did not flinch. They toiled from dawn to dark to establish new homes.

Problems of government arose and in time were settled. There were other wars, but again the British held fast.

* * *

By this time thousands of people had settled and problems had arisen. One by one great leaders rose and fell, each adding something to the nation's history that will not be forgotten. Union of the different provinces was discussed and after many conferences and debates the question was finally brought to a head and through the efforts of Sir. John A. Macdonald the British North America Act was signed. Canada was born July 1, 1867!

But then only four provinces were united. After a few more years of struggle, of controversy, of hardship, the Canadian Pacific Railway was built and the western provinces joined to form the great Dominion of Canada which stretches from sea to sea and from the great river unto the ends of the earth.

However development did not end at this point. The industrial revolution soon came. Factories were built People grouped together to form companies and do things on a large scale. Thus cities were built.

Manufactured articles took the place of crude hand-made tools. Instead of a dense forest, southern Canada is highly civilized. Mining fields produce much wealth each year. Highways have been established. Many new things have been invented which aid in mass production. The telephone, automobile, aeroplane, and thousands of electrical appliances as well as all kinds of machinery for a milion purposes.

Tourist traffic is now encouraged, people want to see our beautiful country.

* * *

WHAT a heritage is ours! We are a free people. We have a mind of our own and are not forced to do things by heartless leaders. There are no bombs falling on our cities. Our property is not being destroyed. There are no guns on our borders. Are we not grateful?

Dominion Day is a time to be thankful for our many blessings that this vast country of Canada offers. What opportunities are ours! No young person should be idle. Now, as never before, comes a challenge to work. The country needs workers, and it is the duty of young Canada to see that the great pioneering work our fathers have done is carried on—

"To you from failing hands we throw
The torch; be yours to hold it high!"

Every true Canadian should get on his knees and thank God for that promise that He "shall have dominion from sea to sea and from the river unto the ends of the earth."

With grateful, hopeful hearts may we pray thus:

"Oh God our help in ages past, our hope for years to come, protect Thy Dominion and Thy people from all harm. Give us strength and courage to fight on and win for Thee. We thank Thee for such a beautiful free country and may it prosper under Thy guidance. In Jesus Name. Amen."

Chums, that is what Dominion Day means to me— a time to think and to pray. "Carry on Canada."

Voices of Youth

ON this page we have the pleasure of printing three of the best letters received as entries to our Dominion Day Contest. They reveal a glimpse of what Young Canada thinks about its heritage and its responsibilities and remind us anew what a great adventure life really is.

What Dominion Day Means to Me

By GERALDINE CLARK.

(Aged 15)

AS we raised our Union Jack on July 1st. I thought of that first July day 1867, when at last all the provinces forming our Dominion were united. What a great day that was for us!

If only those who had worked and planned, and made sacrifices for this Dominion could know how we now stand united and steadfast! How our hearts swell within us as we sing our beloved anthem, for we know that God is with us. We are not the first who have fought for that which is just, we have the history of brave men before us.

I think it is a great privilege to be able to open our doors to the refugees but those of us who cannot, I think we can do so little as helping the Junior Red Cross and doing our own daily tasks cheerfully and willingly. Isn't it wonderful, chums, to be living in a free country when we think of the fate of the poor little European countries? I believe that some day the clouds will roll away and the sun once more gladden the hearts of these shattered nations, and they will help rebuild a world in which God will reign.

Let us chums endeavor to be good citizens, worthy of this grand, free Dominion and although we cannot fight at the front there are many things we can share in making a happier and friendlier world. Best of luck to you all, Your loving chum,— Geraldine Clarke, Laniel, Que.

"Let Us Be Loyal"

Dear Aunt Ruth;— I saw in the Northern Messenger, that chums who wanted to could write a letter about "What Dominion Day Means to Me." And so here is my letter:

DOMINION DAY which is on July 1st. means a great deal to me; but I will go into further details. We

(Please turn to Page 12.)

A TRIBUTE TO "MAJOR"

EVELYN JOHNSTON

YOU'RE a perfect little doggie
With your coat so snowy white;
You comfort and sustain me,
Making life forever bright.
You are wise and understanding
In the little things you do;
Dog-gone, there never was a pup
Just quite as cute as you.
You come from Bonnie Scotland
Where the purple heather grows—
The little Scottish "Shelty"
Such as everybody knows.
So may your days be happy,
Contented and supreme,
With loving hearts around you
And life a happy dream.

—Our Dumb Animals.

Dog Sense

"GIVEN bones to gnaw, dogs are not likely to be troubled with pyorrhea and its attendant disorders so frequently the cause of bad breath."—Philokuon of the Tail-Wagger's Club.

* * *

We used to have a mastiff and a collie. The collie was quick-witted and understanding and learned tricks and habits easily. Taken by himself the mastiff was much slower but if in a class with the collie, he would learn his lesson almost as fast. With an ear for his master's voice and an eye on his collie pal, he did what he saw the collie do.

Dentists will tell people to use the teeth God gave them on something harder than gum, and better than nails, and yet some of them will go home and cut and throw to the birds the delicious crusts off the bread and then perhaps dip the soft part in milk or soup to save them chewing it.

Then they go back to the dentist with pyorrhea, decayed teeth and bad breath and come away with heavier teeth and a lighter purse. Perhaps humans who won't learn from dentists will learn from Tail-Wagger chats!

Faithful Horses

"A troop of British cavalry which had served on the continent was disbanded in the city of York, and the horses were put up for sale. The troop's commander, however, Sir Robert Craven, was a rich man. So, because he disliked the idea of these old equine warriors being worked to death as hacks, he bought them himself, and at the same time bought a part of Knavesmire Heath, where he turned them loose to pass a comfortable and leisurely old age.

It was, I think, the natural act of a gentleman, and was remembered chiefly because of the strange thing that happened later. On one occasion, when the horses were scattered, grazing here and there on the heath, a summer storm gathered, and presently the first lightnings flashed, and the first thunders began to roll.

Then, taking these fires and sounds to be the signal of approaching battle, the horses were seen to get together of their own accord, and form a perfect line to meet the enemy, just as if their old masters were on their backs."—'Private Road'.

Give Yourself up if You Can't Laugh

LIFE without chuckles and a few good roars is a dreary blank. God gave you the power to laugh and He meant it to be drawn forth by funny experiences. Didn't He laugh when He made a monkey? A laugh stirs up the blood . . . electrifies the nerves, aids digestion, expands the chest and blows cobwebs off your brain.—Selected.

LET US BE LOYAL

(Continued from Page 11.)

should be grateful this year that it was a very peaceful day here in Canada, no war, no enemy planes flying and bombing. I am also grateful to those men who back 1867 thought out such a splendid idea of getting the provinces stretching from sea to sea to unite into one big dominion.

Canada has been a Dominion for 73 years. Dominion Day means a holiday for men, women and children who worked hard to make Canada a more beautiful Canada.

The people of Canada should be proud to fly their Union Jack which is a symbol of unity for us all. On Dominion Day we should be proud to sing "O Canada!" and other songs of our great noble land.

I also think on Dominion Day how fortunate we are to have King George and Queen Elizabeth who rule our country so wisely and take such a great interest in Canada.

In Canada we are taught not to be selfish but very patriotic. The Canadian people endeavour to share their happiness with others.

On Dominion Day I remembered what we are taught in school about our beautiful Dominion and loyalty. We think Canada one of the most beautiful countries in the world.

I remember how fortunate we are to worship one God and not idols as some countries. We should not fall away from our kind, loving and forgiving Father.

There are many thoughts I number on Dominion Day but cannot put into words.

Let each and everyone be loyal, faithful and true to our country. Your friend,—Edna Duff.

ANSWERS TO YOUNG PEOPLE'S BIBLE READIN

1. A shepherd.
2. Psalm 23:1.
3. Psalm 23:2.
4. Psalm 23:4.
5. The "rod" was a club to protect the sheep from enemies. The "staff" was used by the Shepherd to guide them.
6. Psalm 23:5.
7. Psalm 23:6.
8. "To hunt", "to pursue", "to run down."
9. It teaches us of God's love and care for us.

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Keep your WITS WORKING

RIDDLES CONTRIBUTED BY CHUMS

1. What fruit is like a fish?
2. What do liars do after death?
3. Why did the ice-cream?
4. What smells most in a chemist's shop?
5. What made the coal scuttle?
6. What was the first verse ever known
7. What made the bed spring?
8. What musical instrument should alway be distrusted?
9. Why is death like the letter E?
10. Why is U the happiest letter in the alphabet?—From Margaret Stevenson.

MEMORY TEST

1. Does a cow trot?
2. When eating your dinner, does your upper jaw move?
3. When a dog has been lying down, which end of him gets up first?
4. Which way do a ship's funnels lean—backward or forward?
5. Does a dog's tail wag horizontally or up and down?
6. Which is the broadest end of a boat?
7. Which way should you face when you sit down to row?
8. When a horse has been lying down, which end of him gets up first?
9. Has an elephant a long tail or a short?
10. On which jaw has a cow no front teeth?
11. When a horse canters does he lift both hind or front feet off the ground at once?

HERE, THERE, WHERE?

In teams of 4, at command "Where?" all run round or march round play-space. Give command "Here" or "There" while they are on the move, pointing to some special place. Last team to have its players lined up in place is "out".

RHYMING RIDDLE

My 1st is in butter. It isn't in milk.
My 2nd's in cotton. It isn't in silk.
My 3rd's in second. It isn't in third.
My 4th's in duck. It isn't in bird.
My 5th's in sorry. It isn't in glad.
My 6th's in merry. It isn't in sad.
My 7th's in round. It isn't in flat.
My 8th's in jaguar. It isn't in cat.
My 9th's in noun. It isn't in verb.
My 10th's in plant. It isn't in herb.
My 11th's in land. It's also in sea.
My 12th's in milk. It isn't in tea.
My 13th's in snow. It isn't in hail.
My 14th's in storm. It isn't in gale.
My whole is high, is broad and is long.
What answer have you to my riddling song?

Answers to Last Week's Puzzles

Across	*Down*
1. Baal	1. Basest
5. Eloi	2. Amasai
8. Miracle	3. Light
9. Stag	4. Sapphira
10. Itch	5. Elias
11. Shaphat	6. Letter
12. Spat	7. Ithran
14. Seba	13. Poor
16. Toi	15. Burn
17. Fir	17. Fade
19. Run	18. Rang
20. Sarah	21. Undo
21. Uri	22. Idle
23. Dan	24. Adah
24. And	25. Door
26. Due	27. Uel
28. Gad	29. Aha
30. Dale	31. Ha
32. Hazo	
33. Elkanah	

How Old Was He?—He was 86. He referred to the time when he was 43. Multiplying 43 by 43 gives 1849, the year of his birth.

Riddles Contributed by Chums

1. Hudson; 2. Pontiac; 3. O I C U R M T.
—From Arlice Ronalds.

Retort

The man at the theatre was annoyed by conversation in the row behind.

"Excuse me," he said, turning, "but we can't hear a word."

"Oh," said the talkative one. "And is it any business of yours what I'm telling my friend?"

Prosecuting Attorney—"Are you acquainted with any members of the jury?"

Witness—"Yes, sir, with more than half of them."

Attorney—"Are you willing to swear that you know more than half of them?"

Witness—"If it comes to that, Mr. Attorney, I'm willing to swear I know more than all of them put together."

What Indeed!

He was a particularly raw recruit, and the drill sergeant was getting very fed up. At last he lost his patience.

"Didn't you hear 'About turn'?" he bellowed.

"No," answered the recruit, "wot about 'im?"

ROAD FORKED

(Continued from Page 4.)

come out somewhere near the Junction. Well, I've got to stay someplace all night, so I might as well get going."

For some time he tramped along, staring gloomily at the ground. But gradually his spirits rose. After all, it wasn't so bad as if his mother had been expecting him. And Uncle Jo had said he might take him along when he went to the city in the autumn. He would see his mother then. Anyway, she would have been dreadfully ashamed of him if he hadn't given the alarm about the fire. So would Aunt Mattie and Uncle Jo. Worst of all, he would have been ashamed of himself, especially since he knew what a fearful thing a bush fire was.

By this time Jimmy was walking along briskly with his head up. Soon he began to whistle. And then he heard something that brought him up short, with his heart pounding like a trip-hammer. It was a train, and although he could not see it, it was so near that he could hear every puff of the engine, and the rattle of the wheels on the rails. Then it whistled, a shrill blast that seemed to come from behind the nearest clump of trees. Could it be? But it must be long past four o'clock.

* * *

JIMMY'S mind raced back to the time he had left the 'bus. That seemed such a long time ago, but he couldn't have been more than an hour getting over the rocks, or perhaps an hour and a half, counting the time he stopped for lunch. Then another hour to the village. And certainly he wasn't long in that truck. And the 'bus driver had told him he had four hours to make it.

Jimmy broke into a run. Five minutes later he dashed across the station yard at the Junction. The train was there, puffing as if it were exhausted after its long run, and walking up and down on the platform was a tall, slight woman in a blue suit.

"Mother! Mother!" Jimmy shouted, tearing after her. "It's me——Jimmy!"

Fifty-Fifty

"Jimmy, you've owed me a bill over six months. I'll meet you half-way. I'm willing to forget half of what you owe me."

"Fine. I'll meet you. I'll forget the other half."

Father: "Now Tommy, you are going to take your medicine like a man, aren't you?"

Tommy: "No fear! It says on the bottle, two tablespoons for grown-ups!'"

PRESERVED FRUIT

Either apples or pears can be preserved in vinegar by this method, and the result is an excellent fruit pickle: Peel, core and cut in halves 2 lb. of the fruit.

Boil together for 10 minutes 1 pint of vinegar, 3-4 lb. of sugar, 12 cloves, and a stick of cinnamon. Put the fruit into the syrup and simmer gently until sufficiently soft to pierce with a skewer. Remove the fruit without breaking, drain and place in jars. Boil the syrup until it thickens and reduces, leave until cool, then pour into jars.

CANDIED PEEL

Take 4 or 5 oranges and lemons, sugar and salt. Remove the rind from the oranges and lemons and let it soak in salt water for 4 or 5 days; then boil the peel in fresh water until soft. Add 2 lb. of sugar to every pint of water in which the peel has been boiled and boil again until the liquid becomes sugary. Remove and drain until the peel is quite cold.

EGGLESS GLAZE

If it is desired to glaze pastry and be economical at the same time, do not use the white of an egg. Mix up a tablespoonful of brown sugar and the same bulk of milk. Boil and use when cool.

CREAMY PUDDINGS

Add enough finely-powdered oatmeal to cover a small cent to milk before cooking. This simple plan helps to make a milk pudding much more creamy.

Is Your Home Program Streamlined?

EMMA GARY WALLACE

IT is only recently that automobiles and buses, railway trains and other means of transportation, have been streamlined. There are still to be seen, upon our highways and other arteries of travel, vehicles of the older type.

When first engineers began to advocate and to design streamlined cars and airplanes, it was thought rather ridiculous. Some conservative people declared and argued stoutly that anything so *powerful* as a motor-driven conveyance would cut through the air without being retarded by its resistance. Now it is generally accepted and easily proved that smoothness of travel, economy and speed are promoted by proper streamlining.

Exactly the same principle holds true in home management. If the program of daily living is to show smoothness of operation, all friction and everything else which causes resistance or is retarding in character is to be avoided.

Various definitions of "home" have been given from time to time. The comedian says, "It's a place to change your clothes to get ready to go to the next place," or "A place to stay when you don't know what else to do."

A home should be "A place to which all members of the family love to return and think of returning with eager joy."

If the latter definition is to be ours, the mother, who is the queen of the home, will streamline all her plans as far as she can, so that each member of the home group, from the tiniest tot to the oldest, will be ready to make the others happy. Head-on collisions will be avoided. Anything approaching discourtesy will be discouraged. There will be love and harmony and orderly surroundings. There will be privacy, when it is desirable, and consideration for the rights of others.

Little Tony was watching and waiting. "I'm going to meet Dad," he explained smiling, "he always 'spects me." Then suddenly, "There comes my dad!" and away little Tony flew.

That was an indication that as far as Tony's father was concerned this home was streamlined. Confidence plays such an important part at all periods of a child's development. In the years to come, the memory of those happy evening greetings will be uplifting as will other memories which recall a home where friction found small place.

Streamlining of home plans does not mean making everything easy and comfortable for one particular person, even a little child, while others are sacrificed foolishly. Streamlining means that all angles and sharp places likely to hurt or to hinder have been rounded and eased.

It can be done. Patience and the perseverance that brings true understanding will be necessary. It will take extra thought and effort—but it will be well worth while.

(Issued by the National Kindergarten Association 8 West 40th St. New York City, U.S.A.)

VACATION DAYS

Thy blessing, Lord, on all vacation days,
For weary ones who seek the quiet ways,
Fare forth beyond the tumult of the street,
The marvel of Emmaus road repeat;
Thy comradeship so graciously bestow,
Their hearts shall burn within them as they go.

Grant those who turn for healing to the sea,
May find the faith that once by Galilee
Flamed brighter than the glowing fire of coals;
And when Thou hast refreshed their hungry souls,
Speak the old words again, beside the deep,
Bid all who love Thee, Master, feed Thy sheep.

Be Thou with those who bide where mountains rise,
Where yearning earth draws nearest to the skies;
Give them the peace, the courage that they ask,
New strength to face the waiting valley task,
New light to lead through shrouding valley haze,
Thy blessing, Lord, on all vacation days.

—Selected

Cooking on a Holiday

IF you are going away on a vacation and providing your own food and doing your own cooking, remember that the basic essentials of a good diet are milk, milk products, eggs, meat and fish, vegetables and fruits, and grains or cereals. Commercially canned fruit and vegetables are safe and good. Butter may be obtained especially packed for long keeping and may be kept cool by placing the sealed receptacle in running water.

Canadian cheese is a valuable food. Cereals may be bought in bulk and packed in cans for a trip. Eggs may be a difficulty, but there is a large variety of excellnt canned meats and fish on the market.

Various substitutes for household bread may be cooked in camp if you are not a bread-maker.—Exchange.

Superstition is the religion of feeble minds.—Burke.

"Well-timed silence hath more eloquence than speech."

"The greater man the greater courtesy."

Ah, ye knights of the pen! May honor be your shield, and truth tip your lances! Be gentle to all gentle people. Be modest to women. Be tender to children. And as for the ogre Humbug, out sword, and have at him.—Wm. Makepiece Thackeray.

Northern Messenger

MONTREAL, AUGUST 9, 1940.

"WE WERE NOT MORALLY PREPARED"

THAT is the explanation of a Polish lady just arrived in Canada, of the terrible collapse of Poland, with its more than thirty million souls under the heavy heels of tyrant dictators.

For one thing the Polish people had not fully realized the faithlessness of Hitler and Stalin, whose brutal and diabolical tactics had deceived, bribed, frightened or destroyed their statesmen and then crushed and divided their splendid country between Germany and Russia.

On very short notice and for a short time Poland put up a magnificent defence. But their stand came too late. Too long they had compromised between hope and fear—hope that Hitler would keep his word, fear that he wouldn't and yet afraid to make any preparation for self-defence, lest it be the excuse for Hitler to invade their country by force and inflict unspeakable suffering upon them. But the Polish people had not sufficiently purged themselves of false gods and evil ways; they had not sufficiently disciplined themselves and had not that strength of character or poise of soul which could unflinchingly face and withstand Hitler and Stalin and their wicked and fanatical cohorts. In the phrase of that Polish mother who tells on another page of her desperate flight from her now wretched homeland, "We were not morally prepared."

"It can't happen here," thought the Polish people. And that was only a few short months ago!

"It can't happen here," thought Estonia, Latvia and Lithuania, Finland, Denmark and Norway, Holland, Belgium and France. But it did happen, more or less, to all those countries. Each in its turn was tricked or frightened into abject surrender or overrun by tanks, planes, parachutists and fifth columnists and wolves in sheep's clothing, or radio broadcasts disguised as patriotic.

"It can't happen here," say Britain, the United States, Canada.

No, it can't happen here if indeed, being forewarned, we are morally forearmed, if we are self-disciplined and surrendered to the only true Dictator—God, whose every wish is for our good, whose every law is for our health of body, mind and estate.

Are we indeed "morally prepared"? We are drilling for battle, are we drilling for life?

That is the question for youth to ask themselves. Their answer will tell what stuff they are made of and what are the prospects that their world of tomorrow will be better than the world they have inherited.

FOUNDATION FOR VICTORY

IN such a struggle as we are now engaged, there can be no enduring "morale" without a "moral" foundation. Hitler's young Germans have a "morale" inspired by fanaticism. Our morale must spring from a higher source, and if it does we shall have the greater courage, determination, power. "My strength is as the strength of ten because my heart is pure." So said Sir Galahad.

In the 16th century Britain and the cause of civil and religious liberty were threatened by Spain, then the mightiest nation in the world. James Anthony Froude tells of the men who defeated that menace. "It was a point of honor, if nothing more, among the English sailors, to do no discredit by their conduct to the greatness of their cause." They were in a large proportion strict-living, God-fearing men, often by common agreement of crew and officers bad language and bad conduct were forbidden among them and prayers read together morning and evening—as one old set of regulations reads—"and that in a godly and devout manner, as good Christians ought."

In the following century Britain's liberties were again threatened, this time within her own borders. In the early days of the Civil War Cromwell noted the inferiority of the parliamentary troops to those of the royalists. He divined that that difference lay in the character of the men. The parliamentary army at that time was to a large extent composed of soldiers of fortune and of "discharged tapsters and serving men."

"Do you think," Cromwell said, "that the spirit of such base, mean fellows will ever be able to encounter gentlemen that have honor and courage and resolution in them? You must get men of a spirit that is likely to go as far as gentlemen will go or you will be beaten still."

He saw that the royalists had "morale." They were fighting bravely for a principle, the principle of loyalty. To succeed, the soldiers of the parliament must be inspired by a still higher principle.

Cromwell found it in religion. So he built up first his troop, then his regiment, then his army of religious, God-fearing men who fought neither for pay nor adventure, but for what they felt was the cause of God.

Writing of this army after the War he said, "I raised such men as had the fear of God before them, and made some conscience of what they did; and from that day forward they were never beaten and wherever they were engaged against the enemy they beat them continually."

* * *

THE Nazi threat against Britain and against all that we hold dear is more dangerous than that of Spain in the days of Elizabeth and much more dangerous than that faced by Cromwell. A victory by the Royalists would have meant oppression, but it would not have meant the overthrow of Christianity and the erection of a worse than pagan system as supreme over the bodies and minds and souls of men, women and children.

(Please turn to page sixteen)

English Dog Owners Get Air-Raid Advice

SOME friends of mine who have been through an air raid, says the writer of the "Tail-Wagger Chats", tell me their dog behaved very much as he does in a particularly heavy thunderstorm. He was upset, as he always is, at the noise, which, however, did not last as long as a storm, and when it was all over he settled down comfortably.

Dogs get comfort from the presence of master and mistress, from whom they largely take their cue. If they show signs of nervousness or fright, the dogs will certainly do the same.

Some people have bromide ready to give the dogs when the alarm is sounded. In such a case, affirms the writer, it should be given at once to let them have time to steady down before the racket begins. The doses vary from 3 grains to 20 grains in a tablespoonful of water, according to the size of the dog.

The article proceeds to say that dogs that are kept in outside kennels should be brought indoors, for, if they are left to themselves, they are bound to be scared and they are more exposed to danger than when under cover. During the day they should always wear a collar to which the name and address of the owner is attached so that they can be identified if they bolt.

The danger from incendiary bombs is just the same for dogs as it is for human beings, says the article, and the precautions taken for humans will apply to them. Every household or group of houses should have a fire-fighting squad that understands the use of the stirrup pump. The spray from this pump does not extinguish the bomb, but, having the effect of supplying oxygen to the heat it makes it burn out in less than half the time that would be taken if it were left. Tannic acid jelly is advised as a dress-either for humans or dogs.

The N.A.R.P.A.C. organization for affording first aid to wounded animals is functioning in most districts in England, but the possibility that a dog might be injured by a splinter would call for some first aid on the owner's part. Should bleeding be caused by a severed artery, indicated by the blood coming out in jerks, a tourniquet of broad tape is to be twisted round between the injury and the heart, if the wound is on one of the limbs that can be so treated. This with dogs as well as human beings, is to be loosened in twenty minutes to allow the circulation to start. In the event of body wounds pressure by the fingers may stay the haemorrhage until competent aid can be obtained. Antiseptic gauze or medicated lint, made in a thick pad and tied firmly over the place, is a temporary expedient until a veterinary surgeon can be summoned.

Don't get alarmed over raids, advises the Tail-Wagger Chat. Think of the old lady who wrote to her friends intimating that bombs had been dropped near her. "It seems a long way for them to come just to kill two horses."

DON'T LET THEM DROWN!

RESUSCITATION methods should be continued for at least FOUR HOURS or until rigor mortis has set in, according to a summer health bulletin just issued by the Health League of Canada.

Many lives might have been saved had rescuers worked on supposedly-drowned persons for another hour or two, officials of the League stated.

Simple methods of artificial respiration follow: The person to be treated should be laid on the ground at full length and face downward, with arms extended in front of the head. Then the operator should kneel across the body with one knee on each side of the unconscious individual. He should place the palms of his hands on the small of the patient's back just below the lowest ribs, and leaning forward bring the weight of his body to bear to press the ribs upward, thus helping to force out any water in the lungs. This pressure should be released gradually, and the operation repeated about 13 or 14 times to the minute, rhythmically and regularly.

HALF a dozen or more people should be available to take turns in resuscitation. Don't give up too soon.

Before one begins artificial respiration one must be certain there is no obstruction of any kind in the air passage. The obstruction may be due to a foreign object, or to laryngeal spasm. Remember artificial respiration is useless unless it results in the actual passage of air in and out of the larynx. Always make sure that this has been established. A doctor can advise best as to this.

Exercise in Moderation

ONE of the quickest ways to spoil the effects of a holiday this summer is to take exercise too strenuously.

"If you are a sedentary worker of middle-age, don't imagine that the holiday miraculously enables you to plunge into day-long outdoor sports and compete successfuly with your juniors," the warning reads. Start your exercise gradually, and don't mind resting when you are tired. Rest is quite as important as exercise. Maybe a day spent fishing would do you more good than a day spent in violent exercise.

Over-exercise of the digestive or is as bad or worse than over-exerc the muscular system. "Don't eat just for the sake of eating; eat when you are hungry. Do everything in moderation."

FOUNDATION FOR VICTORY

(Continued from Page 15.)

We are doing something even bigger than fighting for Canada, for Britain, for the Empire, for Civil and Religious Liberty. We are fighting for the cause of God against a Satanic power. As the Elizabethans found and as Cromwell found, only religion can give us the indestructible "morale", only religion can nerve us to the devotion and self-sacrifice necessary to come victoriously through the struggle.

And this devotion and self-sacrifice is not only required of the men of our Army, Navy and Air Force. It is required of us all.

A DAILY 1-MINUTE SILENCE

A MEMORIAL has been drawn up by members of Parliament suggesting that the British Broadcasting Corporation should call the nation to observe a one-minute period of silence before the 9 p.m. newscast.

As the Messenger goes to press the suggestion is said to be under consideration by Premier Churchill. Meantime no doubt many people will adopt the suggestion. "More things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of." "This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith."

"When in Beer—"

A little mouse had fallen in
A can half-full of beer;
A pussy-cat espied him and
Cried out: "Dear, dear, dear, dear!"
"O, Tommy," cried the little mouse,
"If you will get me out,
I'm willing you shall eat me up;
A treat for **you**, no doubt!"
The cat agreed, and got him out,
But mousie down a hole
Like lightning shot, and pussy cried:
"Well, well, upon my soul!"
"You said that I could eat you up,
If I would get you out."
"O, yes," laughed mousie, "when in beer
Strange things are said, no doubt!"

—S. K. in Alliance News.